

Red Dead Redemption: Dragons

by The poisoned rose

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Summary: They had thought they had killed John Marston with their latest weapon; they were dead wrong. instead they had sent him back in to the time of dragons and Vikings. now he is lost in a world he no longer knows. how will he adapt? how will he survive? will he be the warrior his is? or will he die like the animal the agents wanted. rated M for violence and later Paring scene.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*Red Dead Redemption: Dragons\*\*

\*\*By\*\*

\*\*The Poisoned Rose\*\*

\*\*Chapter 1: Getting rid of a loose end.\*\*

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\*\*Okay this is the first Red Dead Redemption and How to train your dragon crossover; wish me luck with it. Have not seen second movie so please do not spoil it for me. Also this will take place some time after the end of the first Red Dead Redemption and somewhere after the end of the series of How to train your dragon. Disclaimer: I own nothing from RDR or HTTYD I just like the game and the movie.\*\*

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The sun slowly rose into the sky over west Elizabeth; illuminating the darkness of the forest, and slowly warming up the great plains that surrounded the area. A small ranch can be seen sitting along the edge of a forest. It was a fairly large ranch; not as large as the

one near Pike's basin, but it was still large. A single man can be seen walking up to the house; he had on the standard rancher clothing. Along with a few guns; which he kept on him for protection. Long ago he used to be a low life gunslinger; robbing banks, slaughtering innocent for their possessions, and enjoying the pleasure of the soft flesh of a cathouse worker. His infamous reputation only increased when he had joined a gang of low life; lead by the dangerous Dutch Van Daleer. Then all of that changed when he met, Abigail. A cathouse worker who had not only won his heart. But had also turned him away from the life he was living. Although the scare that he had earned ; was the painful reminder of his old life. He saw his future looking bright for him and his wife. They had a new start to their lives; they had a good ranch, and they had a very smart son. Almost nothing could go wrong for them now. Well that was until now.

Slowly the Rancher walked into the barn; allowing him to see his son working on a bench. He had been working on it for a while now, and he seemed to be almost done working on it. "You know your real good with them tools." The rancher commented.

"Thank you, Pa." His son thanked before continuing his work.

"You'll make this land real nice one day." The rancher said before he sat down on the completed half of the bench, "Me and your mother, will do our part. By the time your time comes; hell. This will be the nicest farm in the county." The rancher said before he took out a cigarette and placed it in his mouth.

His son just looked at him with a confused look, "May be pa." He replied before returning to his work.

The rancher then lit a match and lit the end of his cigarette; allowing him to inhale the flavor of the tobacco contained inside of cigarette. "Just gotta learn to shoot straight or you'll get eaten by some animal." He said.

"Very funny pa." His son sarcastically replied; clearly unamused by the comment his father had made.

"Thank ya, son." The rancher replied a small smile stretching across his face; before he placed the cigarette back in his mouth. "Soon it will be quail season." The rancher said before exhaling a puff of smoke, "We can have some fun then." He continued.

"Is there anything you don't like to shoot?" He son asked.

The rancher then smiled again. "Well I ain't meet the thing yet, but as soon as I do. I'll let you know. Maybe you can put it in one of them books you read." He said before taking another puff from the Cigarette.

"Maybe I can do that." His son replied before lifting his arm up. "The day John marston stops shootin." He continued.

"Now I ain't no literary man, but I think it won sell. People love shootin at those things." John joked.

"Maybe your right there Pa." His son replied.

"John, come here!" An older mans voice shouted threw the air; causing him to quick get up from where he sat. "John, come here quick!" The voice shouted again causing him to run outside with his son directly behind him. Once outside he saw and old man looking out over the horizon; threw a small telescope. He had a worried look on his face and a Winchester repeater at the ready. "Take a look." The old man said before giving Marston the scope; allowing him to see an adversary. Which he had assumed that would leave him alone; after he had done their dirty work for them. "Jack; get in the house. Lock all the doors and don't come out, no matter what happens."

"Okay Pa." Jack replied before he started to run back to the house; only to be quickly stopped by his father. Who quickly hugged him possibly for the last time. "No matter what happens." He continued before allowing his son to run back towards the house.

"John, Look!" The old man shouted; causing John to look in the direction of where the old man was pointing. Allowing him to see ten men charging towards them; immediately he took out his Henry repeater rifle. Shooting six of the men that were charging at them; causing the other four to take cover and start shooting at the two. "Uncle, Get back to the house now!" John shouted before he shot another shot at the men.

It did not take the two long to reach the house; once there both of them dug in deep, and fired back at the men. Which had grown in size from the ten men that had originally charged them. Marston released a loud yell as he shot another bullet at another government man; hitting him directly in the chest. Exactly where the heart would be; causing him to grab the area as he fell backwards on the cold hard ground. Feeling his life slowly leaving his corpse. John then heard the door to his house open; only to see Jack take cover by the railing. Armed with a Winchester repeater of his own. "I told you to stay in the house!" John yelled just as another shot grazed past him.

"Since when did I listen to you!" Jack replied before shooting at two Government men; who had taken cover behind some small boulders in the front yard. Nearly hitting them.

"Dammit! Your gonna get your stupid ass killed!" John shouted before he shot a man on horse back; causing him to fall to the cold hard ground.

All three of them continued to hold their position at the front of the house; the bullets were flying all around them, and by the looks of it. The men seemed to be coming from out of no where. Then one man managed to get lucky an nailed the old man directly in the heart; causing him to fall to the ground. "Uncle!" Jack shouted as he got to the old man's side; only to see that he was dead. "You bastards!" Jack shouted as he stood up and continued shooting at the men; only to be tackled down by his dad. Saving him from a barrage of bullets.

"Son, Get in the house now!" John shouted causing Jack to resentfully take cover inside the house; followed by his father. Who had taken down three more men before he entered the house.

"What is going on out there, John!?" Abigail asked as she placed a rather large plank on the door; which would do little to keep the

horde of men outside.

"It's some old foes of mine; come back to tie up the last loose end." John said as a bullet entered threw the window of his home.

"What do we do?" His wife asked as she drew her volcanic pistol.

"Were gonna make a run for the barn; get on the horse and get as far away from here as possible." John replied before another shot tore threw the home.

"Is that the only plan you can come up with?" Jack asked.

"You got a better plan!?" John shouted only to hear silence as a reply. "Alright; I'll draw their fire. Both of you get to the barn as fast as you can." He continued before all three of them exited out the back; trying their best to get to safety.

It was longest three minutes of their lives; the bullets flying all around them. Explosions coming from dynamite and explosive rounds. Men yelling out in anger and also and pain. Once all three of them were inside the barn. John had quickly got a horse ready for his son and wife. "Okay both of you get out of hear! Head for Blackwater, Manzinita post, thieves landing. I don't care just get out of here!" He shouted.

"What about you?" His wife asked him.

"I'll be right behind you." He lied; knowing full well that the men outside were after him. Not his family. Immediately he slapped the horse on the back; causing it to release a loud neigh; just before it took out the back of the barn. Allowing both Jack and Abigail to escape. John then slowly walked to the front of the barn; resting his hand on the door. Knowing full well that he was about to enter his last gunfight; which he knew that he would not win. He then slowly pushed the door open allowing him to see a group of twenty men; along with a strange looking weapon on the back of a military vehicle.

"John." A man in a boulder cap said.

"Agent Edgar Ross." John replied with much venom in his voice.

"It's over, John. Just go on and give up!" Edgar demanded.

"You said this was over!" John shouted back.

"You really think I was gonna leave a gunslinger with a checkered past like yours go. Sorry John that's a load of paperwork that I need gone." Edgar replied causing John to clench his teeth tightly.

"Well! If I'm going to hell; then I'm taken a few of you with me!" John shouted as he drew the pistol that the government agents had given him.

"Fire now!" Edgar shouted causing the man behind the strange weapon to pull the trigger; causing it to glow brightly for a few seconds. Just before a large blue beam had shot from it; completely engulfing

Marston for a few seconds. Before it had vanished along with marston. Edgar had a smirk stretch across his face as him and his fellow workers walked away from the site; never saying a word. Not a single word.

John could only watch in horror as he was thrown threw what appeared to be a tunnel of blue light; he wondered if this was the light to heaven, or if it was the portal straight to hell. He wanted to scream out in fear; just to release all his fear in one loud scream, so that this nightmare he was having would end. He was then thrown violently into water; which he was fully submerged under. The blue light was gone just the darkness of the bottom of the lake was around.

Immediately he looked up and saw the top of the lake; causing him to quickly swim for the top, so that he could get much needed air in his lungs. In a matter of seconds he broke the surface of the water; allowing him to take in the air. While he quickly swam to the edge of the lake; where the water met the land. Slowly he crawled onto land; coughing up large amounts of water as he took in air. He looked up and saw that the sky was gray and he could feel rain hitting his skin; slowly he looked up and saw his wife and son approaching him. Causing him to smile happily just as his wife and son got next to him.

"I'm okay. I'm okay." He said quietly as he looked at his wife once more; only to slowly bring his right hand up to the right side of her face, "I love you." He whispered before he entered the realm of sleep so that he could rest both physically and mentally. Completely unaware that the being standing above him were not his loved ones.

The two stranger then looked at each other; completely confused about this mysterious traveler. Slowly the one on the left lifted him off the ground; while the other whistled loudly causing a two headed creature to walk towards them. The creature was not a horse because not only because of its two heads but also the wings that came from its back. Which it revealed shortly after the one carrying Marston; placed him on its back. Followed by the person and the other getting on the creature as wall. Almost as if it was a horse; which flew threw the air. Just like the device that would allow men to fly like angels.

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\*\*Here is the first chapter used the ending from RDR; really love that game and I cannot wait for RDR 2 to come out. Hope all of you readers like and wish me luck with this cross over.\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2 Where the hell am I

\*\*Chapter 2: Where the hell am I.\*\*

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\*\*Here is chapter 2 I hope whoever is reading story enjoys this chapter. Disclaimer: I own nothing from RDR or HTTYD I just like both game and

movie/series.\*\*

Marston released a loud groan of pain as a wave of pain shot threw his body. Slowly he got up from where he lay; placing his left hand on his abdomen. Where the majority of the pain seemed to be coming from. "Ah, what the hell happened?" He asked himself as he opened his eyes; only to see that he was inside what appeared to be a large cabin. He could hardly see anything due to the darkness that was around him; which was barely illuminated by a rather small candle right next to him. "Hello?" He called out quietly as he felt around himself for his weapons. Quickly realizing that he was stripped of them and most of his clothing. He then heard footsteps coming from bellow him; which made him realize that this cabin was larger than he had originally though.

"Hello? Whoever lives' here; can you hear me?" John asked as he tried to sit up; only to hear a low growling sound come from his left. He quickly looked to his left; seeing only to see two yellow eyes looking back at him. "The hell?" John whispered under his breath wishing he had his Mauser pistol right now. Because he recognized the eyes as the type of a canine; which reminded him of all the bad experiences he had with the wolfs, and the coyotes back near his home.

"Toothless! Down girl!" A teenage voice which caused the dog to back down.

"Thank you." John said as he saw the dog turn towards where the voice had come from. He then looked towards where the voice had come from; only to see a teenage boy walking towards him. He almost reminded him of his son but with a different hair color, and body size. "Who are you?" He asked.

"Who are you?" The boy asked back.

"I'm afraid I asked you first partner." John replied earning himself another growl from the dog. "Will you please call off the dog." He continued.

The boy looked around with a confused look; he looked towards where the dog lay, but he did not tell it to stand down. "What is a dog?" The boy had asked; which caused John to look at him with an annoyed look.

"The one that is over there." John replied as he pointed towards the eyes. Which continued to stare at him; like a predator that was waiting to strike.

"You mean, Toothless. My dragon." The boy replied which caused John to laugh slightly. He had heard that name of the creature once; except it was in a book his son had read, and it was no ordinary book. It was a book of mythological creatures. "What's so funny?" The boy asked; clearly angered by Johns laughter.

"I believe you have read to many of those myth books." John laughed once more as he started to slowly get up. "Dragons a just myths. They are not real." He continued.

The both had a small smirk appear on his face; almost as if the man had said something not only wrong, but also stupid. "Oh, they are not real are they." The boy said before he looked back at the dog; only to swiftly move his head towards John. Causing the dog to get up and slowly walk towards John. "Then what do you call this." The boy said just before a grizzly sized black scaled creature stepped into the light.

John looked on in shock more than fear; there directly in front of him was the very creature of myth and legend. He was always told that the creature was simply that of myth; something used to frighten children into behaving, or to symbolize the strength and power of someone. But right there in front of him was a dragon. Its eyes a sickening yellow with black slits inside of them; showing its predatory nature. Its fangs were pure white similar to that of wild fever flew. While a low growl came from its mouth.

"Down, Toothless!" The boy commanded causing the dragon to back off and slowly walk back to the boys side. Purring slightly as it felt the boy gently rub the side of its head.

"That thing is your pet?" John said still shocked after what he had just witnessed.

"She is my friend." The boy replied almost as if John had just insulted him. "Now! Tell me your name!" The boy continued.

"John." John replied finally telling the boy his name. "John Marston." He continued.

"And what clan do you come from?" The boy continued.

"I do not come from a clan." John answered.

"So, are you a rouge warrior; fighting only for whoever pays you?" The boy asked.

"I do not work for anyone anymore." John growled out causing the dragon to growl loudly; which was instantly stopped by the boy.

"Then what island do you come from?" The boy asked.

"I come from America." John replied which caused a confused look to appear on the boys face.

"What is Ameri?"

"I am getting tired of answering your question!" John yelled as he got up from the bed. "Now it is my turn to get some answer. One, where am I! Two, Who are you! Three, Where the hell are my cloths and where the hell are my guns!" John yelled.

"To answer your first question, my name is Hiccup Hadderson." Hiccup answered which caused John to look at him with a confused look. "For your second question. You in Berk." He continued which caused the man to grow even more confused. "And for your third and fourth questions'. Your cloths are inside the chest right behind you and I am afraid to inform you that your weapons were used for trade. When

trader Yohan stopped by." He finished.

John did not know if he should strangle the boy or try to get the dragon to eat him. The boy known as Hiccup had just told him that his weapons were used in trade; which meant he no longer has them, and that he may never have them again. "Let me see if my hearing is still good. My weapons were used in a trade with this Yohan man." He said receiving a nod from Hiccup. "Is this Yohan man still here?" He asked only to receiving a shaking head in response. "So that means my weapons are gone?" John growled out wishing he could pump the boy full of lead.

"Yes sir and I must say that they were the strangest weapons I had ever seen." Hiccup replied just before John had turned his hand into a fist.

"Do you want to know how much hell and how much I had to pay for those weapons." John said his voice filled with anger.

"Do you mean Hel and how much did you pay?" Hiccup asked out of curiosity.

"I was nearly killed getting most of those weapons and the ones I had payed for! I only had three dollars left over!" John shouted which caused the dragon to growl once more. "Shut up!" John yelled.

"Toothless, quiet!" Hiccup yelled silencing his dragon. He then looked back at John; even more confused than before. "What are dollars?" He asked.

"Listen, boy! I don't know if you think that I am stupid! But right now you are starting to. Piss. Me. Off." John growled out.

"Listen! I am not trying to make you mad. Nor am I trying to, as you say. Piss you off." Hiccup replied which did little to extinguish Johns anger. "But I am being honest. I do not know what America is. I do not know what dollars are. And I do not know what hell is, but I do know who Hel is." He continued.

John could always tell whenever a person was telling the truth or lying their ass off. Although he wanted to believe the boy was lying to him. But for some odd reason the boys words rung true in his ears; which caused him to calm down only a little, but not much. "Alright, I believe you." John said which caused Hiccup to release a small sigh, "But I still have more questions I need answered." He continued.

"I will answer your questions in time." Hiccup explained before he turned to walk back down the stairs. "Come outside when you get dressed. My father wishes to speak with you." He continued before he walked back down the stairs; his dragon following close behind him.

It did not take John long to get dressed; he was thankful the boy did not trade his cloths away, but he still wished the boy had not traded his weapons away. He slowly made his way down the stairs; impressed with how the cabin was made. It reminded him of the tanners cabin; except the cabin he was in was much larger, and it had a few added items inside of it. He also noticed some strange drawings on some of

the items inside of the cabin. But due to the darkness of the cabin he could barely make out what they were. He then arrived at the door to the cabin. Slowly he had pushed the door open; being blinded by the suns harsh light for a few seconds. But after his eyes had adjusted to the light; he came face to face with a shocking sight. He saw that he was no longer anywhere near breechers hope. But yet in the middle of a large village.

"What in the world?" John said to himself just before Hiccup walked up to him. "Come on, my dad is at the docks. Follow me." He heard Hiccup say.

John followed Hiccup threw the village cautiously; he saw many of the villagers wearing clothing that he saw only in books. The questions that he had were starting to drive him as crazy as Seth. Which scared him more than a bear attack. He looked around; seeing buildings, drawings, and statues that he had seen only in books. Was he crazy? Was he finally turning into Seth? Or was he actually where he though he was? In a matter of minutes they had reached the docks; which is when he saw boats that he had also seen in books. Which had sealed his thoughts about where he was completely.

"Dad!" Hiccup shouted to a rather large man; he wore a fur cage and a helmet with horn on top of it. Once the man had turned around; he saw that he wore armor that was slightly different from what the others wore, and he seemed to have a beard as big as that mans at tanners ranch. "Son, good to see you again." He heard the man reply.

"It is good to see you too, dad." Hiccup replied before his father looked at Marston.

"Is this the man Ruffnut and Tuffnut found?" His father asked.

"Yes dad." Hiccup replied before he turned towards Marston. "This is John Marston, he comes from a island known as America." He explained which caused a confused look to appear on his fathers face.

"What is this island known as America? I have never."

"I am not going to answer questions. I have already answered!" John yelled; clearly angered by the battle he was having in his mind. "Tell me what year this is!" He yelled.

"I am chief of this village!" Stoick yelled at the man. "If you think that you can Tell me!"

"Just tell me what Goddamned year it is!" John yelled felling his eyes go wide in anger. Was it because he was truly going crazy? Or was it because these people were really starting to put the spurs to him.

"It is 834 A.D.! Why!?" Stoick shouted back. \*\*(I am taking a swing at the year. If someone can give me an actually year the story takes place. Please leave in review or PM. Will be appreciated.)\*\*

John felt the entire world around him go numb; the words the man just spoke. They rang inside of his head like church bells. Over and over he heard the words; which drove him to the edge of the insanity that Seth was in. He started to believe that he was still having the nightmare; which put his mind at slight ease, for at any moment he

would wake up. He would be back in his bed right next to his beautiful wife; who would still be asleep right beside. So why wasn't he waking up.

"No." John whispered as reality started to settle in.

"John, are you okay?" Hiccup asked.

"No." John said again this time much louder; which worried Hiccup. "NO!" John shouted which shocked everyone around him. He then turned away from the people in front of him and started running for the woods he saw surrounding the village. He had to get out of there; he just had to get out of there, so that he would not become Seth.

"Get him! Don't let him get away!" Stoick shouted causing two of his warrior to draw their weapons; just before they chased after the strange warrior. He then saw Hiccup trying to run after the man. "No, son!" He shouted but it had fallen on deaf ears. Hiccup had to help them stop the man; something about the man's ways were strange to him. The cloths he wore were strange. The way he talked was strange, and the way his weapons were crafted were genius. They were made of metal like a sword and shield; but the roared and spat out fire like a dragon. He had to try and find common ground with John; before his dad's warrior could do him any harm.

Marston came to a dead stop in the middle of a strange forest; a forest that would make tall trees look pleasant. He then heard a loud schling sound come from his left; when he quickly turned his head he saw a rather large ax embed inside a tree. He immediately turned around and saw the two warriors that had chased him. He immediately grabbed the ax that was inside the tree; which he had immediately pulled out. Which almost took him to the ground; just simply because he was not prepared to feel the weight of a rather large ax. He just simply assumed it would weigh the same as a tomahawk. But he was sadly mistaken. Just before either of the warriors or Marston could do each other harm, Hiccup had managed to get between them.

"Stop! Stop! Everybody stop!" Hiccup shouted with both of his hands raised up. "Everybody calm down!" He continued.

Everybody could be heard panting heavily as they stared each other down. John was panting out of complete fear and possibly craziness; while the other three were just out of breath. They had never met another person who could run that fast; that speed could make a dragon loose its breath. If it decided to run and not fly, but even it chose to fly. The man would still make it run out of breath. Hiccup looked back and forth between the three; he did not want this to get bloody. Which would possibly end Marston's life.

"John?" Hiccup said calmly which got John's attention. "You need to calm down." He continued.

"Calm down." John said calmly which seemed to calm Hiccup down. "Calm down!" John shouted which quickly caused Hiccup to put his hands up again. "How can I calm down; when I am clearly losing my mind!" He continued which caused the warriors behind Hiccup to draw their broadswords.

"No! No, don't draw your weapons!" Hiccup shouted; which did little to calm everyone down.

"Hiccup, it is clear to us that this man is out of his mind. We need to knock him out so that we can."

"I would like to see you fuckers try!" John shouted in anger; which caused the three to look towards him. Just as he raised the ax up a little.

"We are not gonna attack you, John." Hiccup replied as he reached behind him; only to pull out one of Johns weapons.

"My Cattleman Revolver!" John said surprised to see that Hiccup still had one of his guns. "I though you told me you traded all of them?" He continued.

"I kept one of them for study." Hiccup answered; before he pointed the weapon at Marston. "Here you can have it."

"God damn it! Don't point my own gun at me!" John shouted as he ducked down; which slightly confused Hiccup.

"Whats the matter? I though you wanted your; as you call it gun back?" Hiccup replied clearly confused by Johns reaction.

"Then turn the damn gun around!" John shouted clearly worried that Hiccup may accidentally pull the trigger.

Hiccup did as he was told and turned the gun around; to where the open end was pointing towards him. While the handle was point towards Marston. Slowly, John walked towards Hiccup and grabbed the handle of his gun. Allowing him to be reunited with his very first revolver; which he quickly holstered just before he saw something rather large moving behind the three.

"Get down!" John shouted as he raised ax above his head.

"John, you need to calm."

"Get down!" John shouted causing all three of them to drop just as a huge Black bear; lunged at all three of them. Completely missing the three viking in front of it; causing it to go for Marston, who swung the ax hard. Causing the bear to stumble slightly dazed by the blow.

\*\*(Warning fight scene coming up; with moves that would be epic. If they could actually be used in Red Dead redemption.)\*\*

The bear roared loudly before it charged Marston again; only to have John roll to the left. Only to have it left fore paw knocked out from underneath it. By Johns ax causing it to roar loudly in pain; followed by it roaring in primal anger once again. The bear saw John standing in front of a tree; it quickly charged John once again, but this time John had ran up the tree and jumped mid-run. Ending up behind the bear; which allowed him to land another blow. Leaving a huge wound to the bears back hind leg; causing the bear to roar in pain again. The bear quickly turn and tried to slash John across his chest; only to end up missing. Giving John the opportunity to take the bears right front paw off; causing blood to splatter on him, and onto the ground and surrounding trees. The bear started to stumble slightly; it had taken a lot of damage, and it was starting to loos a

lot of blood from its dismembered paw. John saw that the bear was trying to run; giving him the opportunity to land the final blow. He quickly gave chase after the animal; he quickly run up a tree to the left of the bear. He quickly jumped mid-run once again and jumped into the air above the bear; time had slowed for Marston, and his vision went blood red. Slowly he brought the ax down onto the bears head; causing blood to fly threw the air. As he flipped over the bear; only to land hard in front of the bear. Immediately he pulled his revolver and turned around; quickly pulling the trigger and sending a bullet into its skull.

Hiccup and the other two warriors looked on in shock; Marston, had just taken down a black bear on his own. Something that not even the strongest viking could do on his or her own. They were horrified by the sight of the bear; it had a double bladed ax embedded in its skull, and John had caused something small to enter the bears skull. Which possibly killed it before the ax had. "Any of you got a knife?" The heard John ask; which was responded by one of the two warriors throwing a dagger towards him. "Dagger. Better." John said as he picked up the dagger and started to skin the animal.

It took John only a few minutes to skin and gut the animal; allowing him to get the animals claws, fur, teeth, meat, and heart. Which he used back at home to get money and get food for his family. He then looked back at the three; the two who had drawn their weapons had sheathed their weapon. Which quickly calmed the conflict between them all.

"John?" Hiccup said calmly which got Johns attention. "You need to come back to the village; clearly you are a mighty hunter. Which we could use here; since most of our hunters are in training right now." He continued which slightly confused John. "Training? Training for what?" John asked.

"To be dragon riders." Hiccup answered.

"Dragon, what?" John asked.

"I'll explain when we get back to the village." Hiccup replied before he turned back and walked towards the village; with the other two right behind. "Come on. My father would want to hear about this." He continued.

John was debating against himself; one side was telling him to run like hell, for he was clearly loosing his mind. But the other side was telling him to follow them; because then knew more about this land, and if he wandered out further into the woods. He may come across something that was more stubborn than him and it may possibly kill him. "Hey, wait up!" John shouted as he quickly followed the three back to the village, \_"Seth, I am clearly just as crazy as you."\_ He said to himself which also confirmed to him that he was going crazy.

\*\*Here is chapter 2 sorry for the wait and enjoy the chapter.\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3 Getting use to things

\*\*Chapter 3: Getting use to things.\*\*

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\*\*Here is chapter 3 sorry for the long wait. Disclaimer:I own nothing from HTTYD or RDR; just like the games and the shows.\*\*

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\*\*\*(Location: Dragon training academy. Time: some time during the mid-afternoon.)\*\*

\_It has been about three weeks since John appeared on our island. I am glad that my father has allowed him to stay with us here on Berk; what I am not happy about is that he is staying in our home. Almost every time we all lay down to go to sleep just a few hours later; he would wake up screaming. At one point I actually fell out of my own bed. While Toothless nearly burnt our home down; with a surprise plasma shot. I still wonder what that strange weapon that I gave back to him does? Ever since I returned it to him; he has not used it. Even during weapons training he refuses to use his weapon; saying that he had to save something called, "Ammo.". Since he has such little of it. I leave my writing for now; the twins seems to have angered John again, and I must stop him from killing them. Secretly because there are so many that wish they were dead. But since they are the only ones who have mastered the Hideous Zippleback. We need them...just until we find replacements for them.\_

Hiccup quickly closed his journal and ran to the middle of the arena; trying his best to control his laughter at what he saw. Marston had managed to pin Tuffnut on the ground with his foot; while he held Ruffnut in the air by her throat. "Now; are y'all gonna try something that stupid again!?" He heard Marston shout.

"No. No. No." Tuffnut choked out as Marston added pressure to his abdominal area; making it a little bit more difficult for him to breath.

"We promise we won't do that again! We promise." Ruffnut choked out while Marston constricted her throat more. Almost cutting her air way off completely. Marston then slammed Ruffnut down onto the ground; knocking the air out of her. While he brought his foot down hard into Tuffnuts' mid-section causing him to yell loudly in pain.

"John, stop!" Hiccup yelled loudly causing him to receive a cold glare from Marston. "We need the twins." He continued.

"Are ya sure?" John asked hoping Hiccup would allow him to put them down like the mad cows they were. "Because I'm sure we can find someone else; who knows how to ride Zipplebacks." John continued.

"I am sure, John. We need them because they are bonded to their dragon and it's a pain to train one person to ride a two-headed dragon." Hiccup answered causing Marston to shake his head in

irritation.

"Well, then next time they decide to light my hat on fire again. I will not resist plugging both of them!" John threatened while he glared at the twins. Who had just got up from the ground and hid behind their dragon; almost a lot like Nigel did. Whenever he had pissed John off.

"You know we can't allow that John." Hiccup replied which actually made him want to go stay in a cave full of fireworm dragons.

"You wouldn't be able to stop me." John replied just before Astrid and the others entered the arena.

"Ah good; you're all here." Hiccup said just as Snotlout caught sight of the twins hiding behind barf and belch.

"What happened to those two?" Snotlout asked.

"John, happened." Hiccup answered which caused the three of them to laugh slightly.

"So, Hiccup?" Astrid said getting his attention, "What are we doing today?" She asked.

"Today; we're training John in combat. Pretty much we're just sparring today." Hiccup answered which caused John to smile slightly.

"Hell, I'm already warmed up thanks to the twins." John said as he looked towards the twins; who had just come out from behind their dragon. "Who will I be sparring against?" He asked.

"You will be sparing against, Snotlout and Astrid. Then you will spare against me and Fishlegs." Hiccup answered receiving a nod from John.

Hiccup then looked towards Snotlout. "Snotlout, choose whatever Mid-ranged weapon you wish to use." He said receiving a nod from him; he then looked towards Astrid, "Astrid use a bow and arrow at first. But then switch to your double bladed ax." Hiccup continued receiving a nod from her; before he looked at Marston. "John."

"I'll use whatever damn weapon I want." John interrupted.

"Use whatever weapon you want." Hiccup finished slight irritated by Johns' rude behavior.

It took the group a few minutes to prepare the arena for the spare. Once everyone was ready; John and the other two took their positions. Snotlout was using his favorite double edged sword. While Astrid took aim with her long bow. John on the other hand was using a simple rope; which he called a lasso, and a small dagger. In a matter of seconds, Snotlout had charged towards Marston. Releasing a loud battlecry as he charged towards him; hoping that it would discourage him, but it just forced Marston to fight harder. He rapidly twirled the rope over his head; causing a rather large circle to form above his head. Just before he threw it at Snotlout; causing it to go around his upper body. Snotlout had tried to cut the rope around him; which just caused Marston to smile slightly. Just before he had

pulled hard on the rope causing it to constrict Snotlouts upper body; which caused him to not only drop his sword, but it also caused him to fall to the ground. Astrid quickly released her arrow; sending it flying threw the air. Straight at Marston unfortunately it had missed its mark by a few inches. But the problem was that it managed to take his hat off; which was the last thing you do to a cowboy. Especially if that cowboy was John marston, he released a loud yell before he picked up Snotlouts sword. Just before he sprinted towards Astrid; his sword held up high above his head.

"Son of Loki!" Astrid shouted before she threw her long bow off to the side. Only to draw her double bladed ax; just in time to block the attack Marston had delivered. She quickly kicked Marston in his stomach; sending him backwards slightly. Giving her a chance to counter attack. She released a loud battlecry before she charged at marston; her ax held up beside the right side of her head. Shining slightly as the sunlight caught the edged side of her weapon. Marston had little time to react; he quickly lifted his sword up and held of Astrids attack, but she just continued to deliver blow after blow. It was not long until she had him down on one knee; which meant he may be defeated.

"\_Damn it! I'm not going to last much longer.\_" John thought as another blow landed on his sword; sending small sparks flying threw the air, \_"Okay, think. She's standing above you. She's got leverage and your grip is about to fail. Where is the opening?"\_ He asked himself as he studied his target. He watched Astrid carefully; watching as she brought her weapon down onto his. Making his weapon crack slightly. Signaling to him that he needed to find the opening and he had to find it now. He then noticed that her left leg was wobbling slightly; every time she would strike with her ax. Her leg would go down; for just one seconds, and that was what he needed. Once she lifted her ax again; he quickly slid his foot underneath her leg. Allowing him to knock her leg out from underneath her. Sending her falling into the ground; and allowing him to get on top of her. Pinning her down with his foot; while holding one of the bladed ends close to her neck.

"You give up, Partner?" John asked.

Astrid released a very loud irritated growl. She had fought in many tournament; she was even a teacher for young ones. Who wanted to be warriors and fight the other clans; bringing more honor to Berk and its villagers. She just looked up at Marston and nodded her head; causing him to get off of her. Allowing her to get back on her feet; while Hiccup cut the rope around Snotlout, allowing him to get to his feet. "That was good work, John." Hiccup said as they walked over to the two. "But there is still room for improvement." He continued which caused Marston to look at him with a confused look.

"What do you mean by improvement?" John asked with slight irritation.

"You need to watch your blind spots and you need to focus more on defense." Hiccup explained which caused John to grow more irritated.

"Wanna put those words to the barrel of a Winchester?" John asked; ready to show Hiccup he was wrong.

"Put my words to what?" Hiccup replied confused by Johns words.

"I'm askin, if you wanna make your words ring true?" John said which only confused Hiccup more.

"John, I don't know what your asking." Hiccup replied only to have John bring his hand up to his forehead. As he looked down to the ground in complete irritation. "I'm asking you to prove your words right!" He heard John growl out; finally understanding what he was asking. In a matter of minutes both Hiccup, and Fishlegs were ready to fight. Hiccup had chose a large broadsword. While Fishlegs chose his favorite battle hammer. John on the other hand chose the strange weapon Hiccup had given back to him.

The only sound that could be heard was a small breeze blowing threw the arena. Both Hiccup and Fishlegs, stood at one end of the arena. Ready to attack Marston, before he had a chance to use that strange weapon. Marston on the other hand; had his hand just above his weapons handle. Waiting for both of them to make the first move. After about five minutes both Hiccup and Fishlegs charged at Marston. Raising their weapons high above their heads; as they released loud yells. John on the other hand had a red film go across his eyes. He did not know why this happened; it would just happen. He then rapidly pulled his pistol out of its sheath; seeing small red X's appear on their weapons. Which he used as a target for his gun. He then pulled the trigger twice on his gun. Sending two bullets rapidly flying threw the air; when they made contact with the others weapons. Small sparks flew threw the air; while the weapons were violently torn from their head. Causing both of them to release yells of pain as their weapons were yanked out of their hand.

"How's that for improvement!" John shouted as he twirled his weapon around his finger. Seconds before he holstered his weapon; having a small smirk stretch across his face.

Hiccup looked at John in complete disbelief; not only had he managed to disarm them, but he had managed to do it in just a few short seconds. During a normal battle with another viking; it would take a few long minutes for the other to be disarmed, but John was no ordinary viking. Hiccup did not know what warrior John was, but whatever clan he was from. He was glad that he was helping his clan. "Good job, John. Not only did you manage to disarm us. But you did it from a good distance and you only took a few seconds to disarm us. Really good job." Hiccup said still slightly shocked by Johns recent action.

"Who else am I fighting? I still got some left!" John shouted eager to find out who he was fighting next.

"That's it for today, John. Rest of the day belongs to you." Hiccup answered before him and the others started to walk towards the exit of the academy. John followed close behind the group; watching them walk off in multiple directions. Possibly going to go kill time till nightfall or they were going to assist other vikings; who were making small changes to the villages.

"Hiccup!" Gobbers voice shouted causing both Hiccup, and Marston, to look towards where Gobbers voice had come from.

"What is it, Gobber?" Hiccup asked once Gobber had come to a stop in

front of them.

"Your father wants to know if you would like to join the hunt today." Gobber answered which caused a big grin to stretch across Hiccup's face.

"Where is the group meeting?" Hiccup asked which caused Gobber to smile happily.

"The entrance of the wild zone." Gobber answered before he started to walk back into the village, "See you there, Hiccup." He said before he had walked out of sight.

"So y'all gonna need an extra hunter?" John asked causing Hiccup to look towards him.

"You want to come and hunt with us?" Hiccup asked.

"Does a stallion love to run wild?" John replied which confused Hiccup, "That means yes." He sighed out which caused Hiccup to smile happily.

"Follow me, John." Hiccup said as he lead the way to the wild zone; eager to not only start the hunt, but to also see how John, hunts.

\*\*\*(Location:Hunting grounds.)\*\*

Five to six vikings could be seen walking through the woods; of the wild zone. The one known as Stoic was up in front; he had what appeared to be a large broadsword in one hand, and in the other was a bola sling. Beside him was Gobber, who had exchanged his left hand with a double ax. While in his right hand he held a net. Both Hiccup, and Marston could be seen behind the two. Hiccup was holding a strange silver shield. While Marston was using one of the crossbows; while keeping his strange, metallic weapon holstered. The other two vikings only had nets; meaning that they were just trappers and nothing more.

"So. What's the game we all huntin?" John asked as he scanned the areas around them.

"Boars, bears, and wild sheep." Hiccup replied as the group continued their walk. Making sure not to make any loud noise; that way they would not scare away any of their game. "There is a certain boar; we've been after for a few weeks now." He continued.

"Really? How big is this boar?" John asked just before a loud rustling sound was heard; causing everybody to focus on the area where the sound had come from.

"Size of gronckle and the weight of it." Hiccup answered before a loud squealing, grunting sound echoed through the air, "But it has the temper of a monstrous nightmare." He continued just before the large boar came running out of the surround brush. Its' tusks' at the ready to impale the intruders; while it released its loud squealing cry. Letting them know that it was not afraid of them.

"Son of a bitch!" John shouted as he shot a single shot at the boar. Hitting it in its large back; which did little to slow it down, but

it seemed to speed up its charge.

"Move!" Stoick shouted causing everyone in the group to jump out of the creatures way. That boar had actually managed to kill one of his villagers once; which meant this hunt was not only necessary, but it was also personal. Immediately he drew his broadsword; releasing a loud battlecry as he charged towards the animal. The animal immediately charged back towards Stoick. Its eyes seemed bloodshot and it was releasing its loud squealing sound. Ready to kill the one charging towards it; once it was close enough it felt something sharp stab into its body. Making it screech loudly in pain; except it seemed it did not slow him down, but it seemed to just fuel it rage.

"Stoick, your just pissing it off!" Marston shouted as he shot a second shot at the boar; causing it to squeal loudly once again. Before its focused its rage on Marston; charging towards him so that it could quench its thirst for blood, but it did not know who it was dealing with. Immediately Marston, placed his revolver back into its hilt; only to immediately grab a bow and arrow that one of the viking hunters had dropped. When the boar was just a few feet; he had managed to already have the arrow pulled back, and ready to be sent flying. Marston, then took in a deep breath and slowly exhaled it. The red film then appeared across his eyes; allowing him to place his target directly in between the boars eyes. He then released the bow string; sending the arrow flying threw the air at a deadly speed. Sending it directly into the boars head; making it release it very last squeal. Before it fell to the ground and slid to a slow stop in front of him.

"Marston!?" Stoick shouted as he ran towards Marston. With the other hunters of the group following close behind him. "Are you okay?" He asked as John placed his foot onto the boars body.

"More than okay partner." John replied as he took out a small dagger, "I just took care of that boar problem." He continued before he started to cut into the animals body; allowing him to not only get the edible parts of the hog, but to also get the skin of it. In a matter of minutes, John had finished cutting into the animal. Leaving only a boney corpse laying on the ground; he quickly placed the meat and hide into his satchel. He then felt something heavy hit his shoulder; almost taking him down to the ground in the process, "That was a good hunt, John." He heard Stoick say before he got back up to his feet. "Felt good to hunt again, partner." John replied before looking towards, Stoick. "What other game we huntin?" He asked.

"You can head back to the village, John." Stoick said while he picked up his broadsword. "Me and the others can handle the rest." He continued before Marston nodded his head.

"Many thanks, partner." John replied before he started his long walk back to the village. While the remaining members of the hunting group continued their hunt. Hoping to get a little more game for the village.

\*\*Sorry for the really late update hope whoever reads this enjoyed the chapter. \*\*

#### 4. Seeing the world threw heavens eyes

\*\*Chapter 4: Seeing the world through heaven's eyes\*\*

\*\*Here is chapter four for RDR:Dragons enjoy. Disclaimer:I own nothing from the games or the movie I just like both of them.\*\*

\_"John, has now been with us for about three months now. Each day he becomes stronger, wiser, and more like a viking. Today is the day he finally graduates from the academy; all he has to do is fly with me and Toothless. Just like everyone else; I know he is going to freak a little bit, but just like the others. Once he gets used to it; I know he will enjoy it. Then the real test will begin...the test of earning the trust of a dragon. I am afraid I must cut this entry short. It is now time for the test of flight and I believe John, is starting to get impatient."\_

\*\*\*(Location:Dragon training academy. Time:Some time in the middle of the afternoon.)\*\*\*

Hiccup, gently closed his journal and walked towards John. He was leaning up against one of the walls; his arms were folded and his hat was pulled down over his eyes. Which gave off the image that he was taking a nap. Once he heard footsteps walking towards; he flipped his hat up and saw, Hiccup walking towards him. He then shook his head and released a small irritated sigh. Earlier, Hiccup had informed him that today was the day he graduated. Which meant he had to do one thing...fly. At first, John was the against the idea; he explained that he witnessed a damn fool. Who had built the craziest thing ever seen. It looked like a giant white bat; shewn together with multiple animals' that he helped the damn man hunt, and when the man jumped off the cliff. He flew for a few seconds; before falling back down to the earth, like shit that came from a birds ass.

"So, are you ready John." Hiccup asked.

John released a heavy sigh as he got off the wall. "The faster we get on this wild horses back. The faster we tame it." He answered in his strange way of speaking; which still, up to this day. Confused everyone; even though he had been living with them for so long. When he saw Hiccup, looking at him with a look that reminded him of a cows stare. He had to restrain himself from plugging the boy right there, "That means yes." He said as he brought his hand up to his forehead.

"Okay." Hiccup said before he looked over at Toothless; who was just lying comfortably on the ground, "Toothless, come her girl." He said causing her to get up from where she lay; while she slowly walked up to the two. "Ready girl?" He asked.

"You talk to the stupid creature; almost like another human being." John said which earned him a growl from the dragon; which caused him to reach for his pistol, "You wanna try something, partner!" He shouted which earned him another growl.

Hiccup immediately stepped in between the two; placing one hand on Toothless's snout. While holding the other just in front of Marston, "Okay, Okay, enough you two. No one is going to get plasma blasted." He said which earned him a growl from his dragon; before he looked towards John, "And nobody is plugging anybody." He continued earning himself a glare from John. He then started to walk towards the exit of the academy, "Lets get moving." He said as the two started to follow him, "The sooner these two are done; being this close to each other, the better." He grumbled out making sure Marston, or Toothless did not hear him.

In about fifty minutes they had arrived at the top of raven's peak. Hiccup, had Toothless prepped and ready for the flight. The dragoness was eager to take flight; her body was shaking, her heart was racing. She was literally having to restrain herself from running and jumping off the cliff. The reason for her excitement was because; her and her rider, had not been flying for awhile now. So she was very excited when she heard they were flying today. "Forget this bullshit! I'm not doing this!" She heard Johns' voice shout.

Hiccup released a heavy sigh, "John, you can trust me. I'm not gonna."

"Go to hell, Hiccup!" Marston interrupted.

"Do you want to repeat the academy?" Hiccup asked.

"Hell, no!" Marston shouted in response.

"Then get you ass on the dragon! Before I throw you off the cliff myself!" Hiccup shouted which shocked, John. He had Hiccup shout only once before; it was at Snotlout who had ended up stealing his gun. Which ended up with him accidentally shooting, Fishlegs in the ass. Which makes it incredibly uncomfortable for him to sit down. Even though he had only gotten shot three weeks ago. John, then nodded his head and slowly got on the dragons back.

"Ready, girl?" Hiccup asked her; which was responded with an eager growl. "Ready, John?" He asked.

"No." John answered bluntly.

"Toothless." Hiccup answered while placing his prosthetic foot inside the tail fin release switch. Allowing him to unfold her prosthetic tail fin, "Lets' fly!" He shouted which caused Toothless to quickly run towards the edge of the cliff.

"SON OF A!" John shouted just as Toothless jumped off the cliff; causing the three to rapidly descend downward, "BIIIIIIIIITCH!" He continued as he felt a strange tingling sensation moving threw his body. He could feel the wind moving rapidly past his body; almost a lot like the windstorms that would sweep threw the desert. Except this was no windstorm; they were falling right to the ground, and Hiccup was doing nothing to stop it. "DAMN IT, HICCUP. YOU BASTAD! IF YOU GET ME KILLED I'M GONNA!" He was interrupted when he felt the

dragon come to a complete stop; the only problem was the wind was still moving around them. John, watched in complete disbelief. They were flying threw the air.

"What do you think, John?" Hiccup asked as he switched the tail fin to go higher into the air. Taking them higher above berk; allowing, John to see what it was like threw the eyes of a dragon. He enjoyed flying; it would always make him feel...well like a dragon. The cool wind moving past his body. The moist feeling of the clouds as they passed threw them. Then the feeling of free fall. Feeling the wind move rapidly past his body; the tingling sensation going threw his body, which would want to make him laugh. Then the sigh of relief when Toothless would catch him. That was the feeling of life; that was the feeling of being a dragon rider. That is what it was like to be...amazing.

"John, what do you."

"Is this what angels see?" John asked as he reached for a cloud they were passing. Watching as his hand disappeared into the cloud; allowing him to feel the cold, dampness of it. Only to slowly pull it out; before he looked down. Allowing him to see the entire village; almost as if he was looking down from heaven itself.

"I don't know what an angel is, John. But I do know this." Hiccup answered before taking a hard turn; allowing them to slowly circle the island, "This is what a dragon sees all the time." He replied as they passed over the forest; allowing them to catch site of a group of boars. Which was stampeding threw the forest, "And to experience the sight they see every time they fly." He continued before making one final turn. Allowing them to start flying back to the academy, "Makes life worth living." He continued before they landed back at the entrance of the academy.

"So, John. What did you think?" Hiccup asked as they dismounted the dragon.

John placed his hand on Hiccup's shoulder, "Partner. That was an experience that I though I would never get to enjoy. Thank you." He thanked which made Hiccup smile, "But I must asked for forgiveness." He continued.

Hiccup shot, John a confused look. "What for, John?" He asked.

"This." He replied before he kicked Hiccup's feet out from under him. " That is for making think I was gonna get killed!" He shouted before stomping hard on his gut; causing Toothless to roar loudly before she charged Marston. Only to end up with Marston hitting her hard in her face; almost knocking her completely out. Because he had used his strange weapon to hit her, "And that...was because I always wanted to do that." He continued before he walked away from the two and back to the chiefs home.

"You (cough) okay girl?" Hiccup coughed as he slowly got to his feet. Receiving a low gurgle from her; signaling to him that she was okay, but she was slightly stunned. "Thor, Marston. You have a strange way of showing gratitude." He groaned out as pain shot threw his abdomen; almost taking him back down to the ground again. Thankfully, Toothless had managed to get beside him; keeping him from falling to

the ground, "And apologizing." He groaned out once again; before both of them started walking back home as well. Hiccup, using Toothless as a way to keep himself from falling. While Toothless, was using Hiccup to keep herself steady.

\*\*Chapter 4 here it is; enjoy.\*\*

End  
file.